

Correspondence Column

Sends Puzzle Answer.

Dear Editor,—I am sending a puzzle answer, which I hope will see in print. Marion Shifflett is my cousin, she comes to see me nearly every summer. I must close now, so good-by to you and all of the members.  
Your member,  
DOROTHY SADDLER,  
Winnington, Va.

Will Miss Harry Chadwick.

Dear Editor,—I was very glad to read in your letter Sunday that our next contest will be about spring, and will certainly try and contribute to it. Was so sorry to read that Harry Chadwick will no longer be a regular contributor to our page, for as you say she has certainly helped to make our club what it is to-day. Enclosed find puzzle, which I trust will be worthy of publishing. With much respect to the club, from your member,  
MARTHA JANE HART,  
Farmville, Va.

So Sorry to Miss You.

Dear Editor,—I agree with you and Dorothy Smith about sending our best wishes to Miss Harry Chadwick, and I am going to send her mine. The top and bottom headings were fine, and all of the rest. I think the date of the contest suits all of the members, and it suits me fine, and I am going to do the best I can. I went to Richmond Tuesday and had three teeth filled and one pulled out, and I am sorry to see you were out. I thank you so much for printing my drawing on the paper. It is getting on to bed time and I must close. I am sending you a story and a correspondence drawing. The story I made up by myself, and the drawing I did by myself. Please, if you have space, put one or both in.  
Your beloved member,  
PHILIS GARY,  
Lester Manor, Va., March 7, 1933.

Send Only Original Stories.

Dear Editor,—I am sending you a story and I hope I will see it in print. I received your button and was glad to have it. I wrote a story about two weeks ago and I haven't seen it in the paper yet. I hope you will see it in this week.  
Your member,  
ELBA TRAPIERE.

Praises Harry Chadwick.

Dear Editor,—I am sending in a drawing which I hope will be in print, and not in old man's collection. The drawing is sending in a story he made up himself. He does not know how to write letters, so he wrote me to send it. He is in the first grade. I was sorry that Harry Chadwick had left, because she helped to build up the club. I was glad to hear that you are going to have a contest on spring, because it is such a beautiful season.  
I hope the T. D. C. will do as good this month as it was last month.  
I am your member,  
ANNE G. GOODMAN,  
1302 W. Washington Street, Petersburg, Va.

Hedge Received.

Dear Editor,—I received my pretty T. D. C. hedge yesterday, and am very proud of it. Enclosed you will find a small drawing, and I hope it will be good enough to be printed in the Sunday's page. I must close now.  
Your member,  
KATHLEEN WADE,  
629 North Twenty-seventh Street, Richmond.

Miss Harry Chadwick.

Dear Editor,—I am very sorry to hear that Harry Chadwick is not going to be a regular member any more. I have not been a member quite a year yet, but in that time I have enjoyed her work in the paper very much. She always sends such good work. Hoping to see my drawing in print Sunday, with love,  
LILY PINK,  
5 Meadow Bridge Road, Highland Park, Richmond, Va.

Meeting Letter.

Dear Editor,—Sister and I wish to thank you very much for putting our drawing, story and letter in the paper, February 14. You don't know how good it does make us feel to see them standing out on our page. Isn't it one to be proud of? Sister and I will try to get something in on time for our "Spring" contest. I know there will be lots of good drawings and stories for the contest. We hope we may get a prize. This has been a cold, windy day out here, and I hope some of the members will be here. I hope you will be good enough for our paper. Best wishes for you and all our members.  
Your friend,  
EDWARD SIMONS,  
Dumbarton, Va.

Sends Picture.

Dear Editor,—I am sending you a little picture, and I hope the wastebasket is on a nice visit with the trash pile. I thank you very much for publishing my cartoon.  
Your truly,  
GEORGE SCOTT SHAFER,  
1008 Lincoln Street, Elmira, N. Y.

Studying Hard.

Dear Editor,—I am sending in a drawing, which I hope to see in print. I have been very busy in school, and have just had a school fair and my room got the prize for the best sixth grade writing. It is over now and we are back at studying again. With best wishes for you and the paper, I remain  
Your old member,  
AMY PAXHILL.

Sends Puzzle.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed you will find a puzzle of jumble names of girls. We are having some fine weather up here now, except being a little chilly. I am real glad we are going to have another contest soon. Well, I will close for this time with love to the members and yourself I remain  
Yours lovingly,  
ANNIE B. SINCLAIR,  
Gladstone, Nelson County, Va.

Thinks Contest Fine.

Dear Editor,—George Washington ought to be here to see what a pretty day his birthday was. It's more like a birthday washing day. What do you think, a bush of flowers (of course it has no flowers or but more of a flower bush) has buds on it, now what if Jack Frost came real cold again? I think a spring contest would be nice. All of the stories, etc., even the letters, would be about spring. A wish that you enjoyed this day, from,  
HELEN BROADBENT,  
R. F. D. No. 8, South Richmond, Va.

Lost Best Member.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed you will find some drawings. We saw our drawings in the paper. My prize comes in handy. Now we have lost Harry Chadwick. We have lost our best member. Sincerely yours,  
KENNETH AND JOHN BENIGEL,  
Stony Creek, Va.

Draw Only in Ink.

Dear Editor,—This is the first month of spring, and it is March. I am going to have a flower garden as soon as the snow melts. I like the flowers in the spring because I like the flowers. I am sending you some pictures, which I hope you will put in your paper. Thank you for the prize. I like to wear it. I am six years old April 5. Sincerely,  
SUSAN GUINARD,  
Blacksburg, Va., care Dr. J. M. McBride.

Welcome Back.

Dear Editor,—I am an old member of your club. Robert R. Taylor. I used to live in Richmond, at 1823 Grove Avenue, but I have moved to the country now. I am going back to be one of your members. Your old member,  
ROBERT R. TAYLOR,  
Madison Heights, Va., R. F. D. No. 1.

Thank You!

Dear Editor,—I think Dorothy M. Smith's suggestion was a good one. I sent her the prettiest Easter card I could find. My, but wasn't Sunday's page fine! I have sent you a purple violet in this letter somewhere. Hope it will be fresh when you receive it. I am getting you some more new members. With love and best wishes to all, as ever,  
ALBERT BOYLE,  
McKenney, Va.

Sorry Harry Chadwick Leaves.

Dear Editor,—I am very sorry Miss Chadwick has left our club. I think most of the other members will agree with me. She was one of our best writers. I hope some one else will take her place and write some nice little drawings for the top of the page. I am going to write to her. I think she will appreciate it. I know



Editorial and Literary Department

I would if I were going to stop or say farewell.

The time has not come yet. I hope it shall not come either, because I love this dear old club. I said "old," and I think it is old, but pretty every Sunday I wish it was every day. Spring is a very good subject to write on. I could make up a story, but who knows much better. I think I shall go in the country and see the beautiful flowers in the country. I love to look at the page when a contest is on it, but we can't only look. If all would only look, then this page would be with nothing on it, and we could look. Although our drawing puzzle or whatever it may be, is not on the page, we have to wait until our time comes. I hope no one will get discouraged, because it's such a nice subject now about it. Instead of waiting, it will be much more fun to write. But it will be much more fun to write. I guess some one else wishes to have soon, and it is getting late, so I will remain, your member,  
MELVIN ELLIS,  
504 North Thirty-fifth Street, Richmond, Va.

Good Wishes.

Dear Editor,—The last thing I sent in was a drawing, so I thought I would send in a story this time. I was so glad to see my drawing in the paper. Well, I will close now. With good luck to you and all the members, I remain, your member,  
AGNES BAIN.

Draw Only in Ink.

Dear Editor,—I received my pin and appreciate it very much. Enclosed you will find a drawing, which I hope will soon appear in the Sunday's paper. I remain,  
RAYMOND F. FIELDS.

Likes Prize.

Dear Editor,—You were justified in saying that I would like appreciation of the copy of Browning you sent me. Yes! At last I received it. Thank you very much for the copy. With kindest regards to you and the club, I remain,  
RACHEL BERMAN.

QUEEN MARY.

Far away from America there once was a King and his wife, and they were very happy. One day the King said: "My son has no wife, I am getting old, and when I die my son shall have the throne, and he must have a wife before I die." His son, Prince Richard, heard what his father said. He came to his father and told him that he was going to search for a wife. The King was very pleased and gave him many riches and jewels. Prince Richard sailed away to a neat cottage about three miles out of the city. He tied his horse to a tree and knocked at the door, and a beautiful young lady opened the door. After awhile they were well acquainted with each other, and she knew why he came, and they went to her father about their marriage. He soon said that Mary could be his wife. They set out for the palace at once, and Mary, with the jewels on her which Prince Richard had brought. They were received with great joy. Mary was as sweet as she was beautiful, and Prince Richard was as nice as he was handsome. Soon they were married, and Queen Mary and King Richard reigned happily for many years.  
Composed by  
PHILIS G. GARY.

THE STORY OF A FOX.

A fox came to my house and got my pig and took it away. Then he came back to get my rabbit, and took it away; then he came back to get me, and took me away, and then he lived peacefully all his life.  
JACK GOODMAN.

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MILDRED'S SACRIFICE.

It was a cold but sunny afternoon in January, and little eleven-year-old Mildred sat by the large bay window crying. It was only three weeks before that she was out skating on the ice pond with the other children, but had now with a serious accident of a broken leg. The doctor had said that she could not walk for a month or two, and must not skate any that winter.

Mildred was very sad to-day because she loved to skate, and had saved her money all that summer to buy a new pair of skates, and now she could not skate the whole winter.

Just then her brother, John, came in from school and called to his mother: "Mother, do you know where my ice skates are?"

"I think they are in the attic where you left them last," answered his mother.

A few moments later John was heard on the back steps calling his mother. "What on earth has happened to my skates, they are covered with dirt!"

When Mildred heard this she remembered that last summer she had gone in the attic for something, and as it was very hot, she opened the windows under which lay John's skates.

She was skating when John came. Some boys came up and asked him to join them in a game of hockey, but John would not go, as he wanted to go home soon and amuse Mildred. At the end of half an hour John rushed home and played with Mildred the rest of the afternoon. I don't think there was a happier person on the lake than John that evening or a happier person than Mildred, because she had made some one else happy.

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YOUR RULES AGAIN.

My Dear Girls and Boys,—Here are your rules again, mostly for the benefit of the eighty-one new members that have joined this week, but quite as much for the members who seem to forget that we have any. I simply have to throw away a good story, for I know how badly you feel about it, but, children, what am I going to do when it is written in pencil or copied out of a book or not signed, and the rules of your club are against all of these things? I know a little boy that had his feelings hurt last week because I wrote over his letter "Send only original work." Now all of you know that your editor is a mighty busy person and hasn't anywhere near the time to take each story or poem or picture that is sent in to him. I am going to do what I can to help you in accordance with the rules, and write you a letter about it, so I quite write a line over your letter in the paper telling you what the trouble is. None of it is done to wound any one or humiliate a member. I

Just think, I missed seeing Philis Gary when she came to see me the other day. I don't think I did see Dorothy Sadler, and I think it was so sweet in both of you to stop in to call, when you were only in town for such a short time. Write me if there is anything that you do not understand about the "Spring Contest," and remember that the last day you can send anything in is March 25, and be sure to mark the work contributed "For the Contest," so that I will know what it is intended for.

YOUR EDITOR.

PRIZE WINNERS OF THE WEEK.

Jack Goodman, 1302 Washington Street, Petersburg, Va.  
Rosaena Bowers, of Tonno, Va.  
Henry Klotz, Jr., 605 West Twenty-seventh Street, South Richmond, Va.

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Puzzle Department

CHARADE.

My first is in bat, but not in at.  
My second is in read, but not in red.  
My third is in at, but not in a.  
My fourth is in rat, but not